

Old Time Methods of treating Colds and Coughs were based on the

idea of sup-pression. We now know that "feeding a cold" is good doctrine.

Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil with hypophosphites, a rich fat-food,

cures the most stubborn cough when ordinary medicines have failed. Pleasant to take; easy to digest.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. V. All drugmets.

THE STEAM ENGINE.

Improvements in Construction and Possibilities of Power. improvements which have

marked the development of the steam engine have been the result of their application to their promotion of more mechanical genius, higher skill, more careful and scientific research, more brain power generally than probably have ever been given in the history of the world to any other directly useful purpose. The steam engine stands today as a nobler monument, a higher tribute to the genius of man than any other product of his many and mighty powers that the world has yet seen.

It is the source and the foundation of all his material and wealth and largely of his intellectual and moral wealth. It is the prime mover in every application of his inventive and instructive genius to the solution of the problems of modern civilization. It drives the machinery of mine, mill and workshop; it transports him and his possessions across the continents and over the seas; it gives life to the whole system of transmission of all energies, including those of the electric light and the electric railway. It makes all that he has and is a possibility, and stands, the mist giant, a genius of more than Aladdin-like power, the maker and the guardian of modern life.

Light, heat and electricity, all the arm's length or miles away, in the extension of its powers to near and distant fields of labor alike.

In performing the work of modern civilization man has compelled the service of over fifty million horse power of steam giants, equivalent to more than seventy-five million horses of average power, for the rated horse power of the steam engine is to that extent in excess of the power of the animal. This is the equivalent of the steady working power of the whole population of the globe, and probably largely in excess of that amount.-Toledo

HOW TO RETAIN FRIENDS.

Advice to a Girl Concerning Her Social It may be taken as a general rule that m woman can retain her friends who can not control her temper. What she thinks may be right, but because it going into a long quarrelsome argument, raising her voice and making her hostess and all the other guests uncomfortable. Then the people must that she is not going to bring the daily worries of her life into the social atmosphere, but that she is certain to bring her mite of agreeableness to add to all other mites until the perfection of enjoyment is achieved, and the pleasant side of everybody is seen and enjoyed. The woman who wishes to keep her friends must steer clear of vital subjects on which they may dif-

fer, religion or politics being especially undesignable for discussion. Be pleasant and agreeable to all men who may be in your own social world, but give no one man the right to especially claim you until the veritable Prince Charming appears. To retain one's friends one must also respect their social rights, and by this I mean that if their hospitality is accepted it must be catered to properly in the way of dress and manner, and that the girl shows wisdom, who, invited to a very claborate affair and feeling that she can not afford even a simple dress, refuses the invitation rather than mortify the hostess by being out of tune in the general harmony. Consideration is one of the greatest claims a girl can have.-Ruth Ashmore, in Ladies' Home Journal

Casual Friends.

Old travelers look back with regret at the brevity of some of the best friendships they ever knew. They best know the opulence of good fellowship that is discovered on trains and steamers and the fleeting character of it. They find men who are companionable and entertaining, they take dinner with them and share a bottle in the dining car, they play eucher and poker in the smoker, they like them almost well enough to ask them to their houses for a summer, but these friends drop off at stations on the way, and they never know their histories, circumstances and callings, perhaps not even their names.

Trouble Ahead.

"Well, Miss Parsay is consoled for the loss of her parrot. I see that she got married a few days since " Yes; she married the man she suspected of killing the parrot."-Indian-

ppolis Journal. No Doubt of It.

Mr. Pensive-All things come to the man who waits.

Mr. Getthar-Yes, but if you fee the waiter some things will come to you nuch sooner. - Texas Siftings.

When Baby was sick, re gave her Custoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Hiss, she clong to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria A NANTAKESE LEGEND.

The Story of Two Rocky Islands of the Sea.

The islands lie thirty miles apart. Naboeth, the larger one, rears its cliffs and peaks but a league from the coast line of the cape, while Nantakese is a faint, sandy blur on its eastern horizon. Thirty miles apart in one direction, the orbit of the earth in the other, and yet when storms rage in either way are they equally near and distant for communication is deemed an impossibility. In the leisurely days before the civil

war, Peter Nott and Reuben Bain, two fishermen, dwelt side by side on one of the lanes of Nantakese. They owned a sloop together, and what with fishing and piloting and wrecking, snatched a common livelihood from the sea. If there was still another means of subsistence it was no one's business except their own and being their own they kept it to themselves, for Peter was the gruffest, most taciturn man on the island excepting his partner, Reuben. The reason for this exception was that Peter's wife was still living, and while she was silent and self-contained, she insisted on knowing his secrets, and as her advice was shrewd and provident he, with Reuben's consent, confided them to her.

Reuben was a widower, as a man of his nature would surely be shortly after marriage. He had an only child, a son, the cause of his most expressive curses, for little Matthew was a strange lad, and Reuben had neither intelligence nor patience for enigmas, and a pale. shrinking boy who was afraid of the storm, who would rather read than sail, and who, above all things, wanted to play with a girl, was a most disagreeable enigma to him. Probably he would have solved it in some such violent way as Alexander did the Gordian knot, had not the girl so desired been Mary Nott, the only child of Peter and, what was more to the purpose, of

Reuben regarded this woman with all the awe of which he was capable, for she excelled in the qualities he admired, and so when she tersely warned him "to let that boy be and give me the managing or I'll make the sea too light for you," he surlily abandoned the pleasurable daily habit of beating his boy and left him to his own devices. And thereafter these two children, Mary and Matt, were together the hvelong day, on the beach, in the shallow pools, and high on the western bluffs. The island was their wonderland, and hand in hand they explored it. But it was little Mary who was the pioneer and Matt who was the settler. she who sought and he who found. powers of nature, are but its servants. The one did, the other pondered, yet and do its work and run its errands at action and thought were harmonious and mutual. The boy was dependent, the girl reliant. He loved life because of her; she loved him because of life.

From childhood into youth they ad-

vanced, still hand in hand; but the girl walked in the sunshine, the boy in the shade. He never wanted another companion; she would not endure one. In the open air she naturally led, as he did in the school-room, yet in both they kept an equal pace. Mary was swift of foot and agile of hand. She could run, sail and swim with the most expert. Matt was studious and intellectual. His preceptor read up nervously against his questions, and asserted the boy's genius for the natural sciences. And so at play he was her care, at work she was his charge. She taught him the mysteries of wind and tide and rigging. He wrote her exerher recitations in the Morse alphabet on his slate. Little did he think when fidences of love. And at length she he painfully taught her the system that the time would come when it would prove the only light of despair.

Then, when their school days were over and Matt was a tall, thin, cadaverous young man, and Mary a brown and rosy embodiment of all womanly charms, there came a dreadful time. Two events happened-the one consequent on the other. Mrs. Nott died and the partners quarreled; quarreled as they often had over the division of spoils, but now with no prudent monitor to bring them together again; quarreled with fierce vows of separation which each was headstrong enough to keep. The sloop was sold and through a trick Peter obtained its possession. The men met and fought and Reuben was worsted. To be beaten in traffle and strength was beyond his endurance. The madness of anger became the madness of revenge. He owned a place on Naboeth island, and thither he retired, for once considering his son, for he knew by taking him away he would wound his enemy's

daughter. It was the last evening of Matt's stay on Nantakese, and Mary and he were seated on the bluff, the one bold portion of the island's coast line. west was aglow with fading light. On the base of the arc was a spot, as if the artist while painting had touched his

"There is the cliff of Naboeth," said Matt, "where my future home, my prison, will be. Whenever you look toward it, Mary, be it night orday, you will know that my heart is striving and

sighing for you." "Poor Mattl' sighed the girl. "You are a man. Must you go? Can't we go together, you and I, somewhere-any-

where, out into the world?" Matts mother's nature trembled within him. "I dare not," he faltered. "How could I escape him now? He is bound to take me out of very spite. After a little he will ignore me, and then will be our chance. Besides, how could we live?"

"I could work." "Aye, and I could die for shame. No, I will first perfect my ideas, I will continue my investigations. Out of them

will come a fortune, and oh! that fortune means you, dear. One little detail, and I have the invention of the age. We are young-"And I can wait-wait and be faith-

"But to be unable to see you, to speak with you," murmured Matt, his spirit subsiding to its natural depth. dare not write. Your father is post-

master and bears the mail to and fro." "Yes, bound with the same tarry rope, and stuck inside his tarpaulin for safety. I fear any of our letters would

remain there." "Oh! if I only could. But I will, 1 know I will. Even now I seem to see that which has been hid. Listen, Mary; you know for what I've been strivingmeans of intercommunication by electric lights at night. I really believe I have finished my solution of the problem. It was my love for you that

gave the hint. At least, we can try. I shall doubtless have the little turret room of our house on the cliff. Father would choose it for me; it's the most remote. I will set up my apparatus there. Perhaps, oh! haps. At least, come here every night and watch, for I believe I shall be able to signal to you by lights projected on the sky, long and short flashes if e the lines and dots of

the Morse alphabet." The next day they parted-they who had known no separation save that of sleep. A week passed by, and then Mary began her vigils. The walk to the biuff was a trifle to a girl of her strength, and the darkness was no hindrance, for she knew every step of the way was an increasing comfort to her, for it brought her nearer to her

The late hour was their friend, for it rendered everyone else unconscious, and left them the world to themselves. She was not impatient when that night and the next yielded no sign. Why should she be, when she knew that his heart was signaling every second? And knew well, too, just what it was saying? And on the third her reward came, as rewards will come to pure hearts that are willing to wait. Against the blue-black sky of the western horizon there were several distinct flashes, ineffectual, yet distinct, as on the first great day there were glimmers preeding the dawn. Then, slowly and eringly, there were spelled out four letters. "D" Mary read, and her soul finished the word. "A," "R," "L"-the others came in confirmation. Then there was a flicker, and the circumambient gloom once more.

But that fragment of Matt's old familiar endearment was sufficient for Mary. Her deep bosom throbbed and neaved with pride and adoration. Her lover had succeeded, and through her. Ah! she knew him so well, knew how his genius was hampered by timidity and sloth, twin brothers that are seldom separated. In her love there was

a tenderness akin to maternity, and she humbly gloried in her strength, for she felt that some day it would be spent for him. He had succeeded, despite his environments of loneliness and brutality; for the present there would be this ecstatic communion; for the future there was the hope, aye, the certainty, of happiness! length Mary aroused from her reverie and turned her light steps homeward the east smiled a promise in her face. Thereafter Matt's mechanism worked smoothly, and for a few moments each night Mary read her lover's wishes and fears in the sky. True, she could not answer him, yet what had she to tell? He knew her heart; it long hadbeen an open page to him. As for her life, it was uneventful. Should the crisis arise for her to speak, her deeds should be her words! His messages were fragmentary, but Mary had an interpreter in love that filled all interstices. They told that he was depressed by circumstances, yet buoyed by probabilities; that his father was morose and savage, seemed conjuring some evil, and that when he gave the signal then at once she must come to him. Weeks passed by and still the horizon flashed "all is well;" and Mary began to smile at his fears, though her heart kept stout against their realization.

But one night there came a change There was a series of vivid flashes, as if even the electricity were nervous, and then Mary spelled out the halting tidings: "Warn your father; he has been betrayed. The revenue cutter will capture him on his next trip-my father." The lights ceased abruptly, cises and rapped out answers during as if a heavy hand had fallen. Mary waited, but the skies withheld the congroped to her home considering the mysterious words. Mysterious they were, yet memory soon solved them. She recalled shadowy incidents of childhood, bits of unheeded conversation, her father's long absences, the fetching and storing of bales and casks, his broad acquaintance with those sailing to foreign ports, and so she comprehended that the former partners had been smugglers, intercepting vessels off the coast and receiving from them precious contrabands which they dared not bear into port. She remembered Reuben's sinister, scowling face, and she perceived that he would work his revenge, even at the ruin of his own

Of course she must tell her father and save him from fine and forfeiture and imprisonment. But how could she explain the source of her information, or, without so doing, make it credible? Poor child! Her nature was too simple and unassuming to understand its own strength. That surly father respected her judgment as he had her mother's, so when she warned he believed.

"'Tis that young cub ye've heerd from," he growled. "D-n him, with his dad; but belike it's true. I'll not venture out this week, though there's a job with many a dollar. Oh, my day may come, and then, and then, stand by for squalls, you lubber." And Mary atched him as he bravely paced the beach, now and again shaking his fist toward Naboeth.

That night an ominous thing happened. Mary kept her vigil, as usual, for only the hand of death could have stopped her, but not a sign came out of the west. It remained as changeless as an edict of fate. She watched until the sickly light betrayed the breaking of day. Then through the gray shad-ows she crept back with heart just as cold as that awesome hour, yet not a whit irresolute. One more trial would she make, and if that gave no tidings then she would seek them face to face. Through storm and gale and darkness she would go to her lover, for she knew that neither tranquillity nor safety

could be his without her arms. Something told Mary to return to the bluff at an early hour. She did so at nine o'clock that evening. The twilight had just deepened; all its serenity remained. An azure veil enwrapped the earth and through it glimmered the stars. From the east came a breeze





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heavy with ocean mists. Far on its line the darkness was deeper, as if offering a hiding. Perhaps behind it a whirling gale lay in ambuscade. At least the skies were not clear enough to seem candid to the girl's weather wis-

"How foolish I am," Mary thought. "I have deliberately chosen a long, long wait." Yet something within her heart whispered a denial; something cried out that Matt surely was in danstretched arms and peering eyes, like one who entreats before a closed door. And suddenly there was an answer in three vivid flashes. "Come! Come! Come!" they signalled, and then the pale starlight through the deep ceru-lean, the sense of the falling of that Mary had ever been fleet of foot, but

never fleeter than now. She glided down the face of the bluff like a swallow seeking its nest; she flitted along the foam-bounded sands until she came to the little inlet where her father's sloop was moored. With stout arms and skillful hands she soon gave life to the craft, and away it flew before an increasing breeze straight for the cliffs of Naboeth. Aye, the breeze was increasing, and with vim. Already the billows had acquired caps of phosphorescent light; already the rigging shricked an exultant pean, and the sheet strained like a life line. But Mary heeded not these stormy signs, save with nautical instinct. Her hand and eye were true, she knew, and sufficient for her need. Her thoughts were intent on Matt, and pitifully. He had always been so weak, so dependent, his strength so yielding, his imagination so strenuous. Why, she remembered one evening long ago, when little children, tired of play, they were resting on the beach side by side, he had burst into tears and hid his face in her lap, though but a moment before brimming with mirth. And when she had soothed him with gentle hands and had asked his distress, he had sobbed: "Oh, everything frightens me, Mary; the sea with its unknown tongue, the night with its shadowy shapes, the sky with its dreadful depths, even the tranquil stars, for they are not what they seem, but enormous, monstrous masses. Everything frightens me, Mary; everything except you." And yet, despite these peculiarities, which she understood, though so foreign to her, he had struggled on until he now led the world in discovery and invention. Only to think of it! To make the heavens his page and the lightning his brush! And she, oh stupid one, had scarce been able to

master the alphabet which he used. So the girl was absorbed with tender, unselfish thoughts, while the sloot obeyed her unerring will, and flew like an arrow to its goal. The night was heavy and lowering, and the cry of the breakers wild, when she drew up against the wharf which Reuben used. It was unoccupied. Evidently the mas-ter was abroad with his boat.

There were hasty, uneven steps and Matt sprang into the sloop.

"Let us away at once," he exclaimed. And so the hours brought layer after layer of opacity, and slowly unpiled them. The gale roared, the waves rose and fell, and threatened and retreated, yet a girl's spirit overmastered them, It was the hour before dawn, that twilight of death, that smile of despair, when there was a loud report and a glittering break in the sky. It was a rocket, followed by another and another, and there in the distance was the somber hull of the revenue cutter, with

its beaming lights. "She's signaling to us," faltered Matt, "to lay to."

"Yes," rejoined Mary, calmly. "They think my father's aboard." "Well, when they find he isn't, they'll not interfere with us."

"Oh, but your father is doubtless with them, and he would take you-" "Let us on and on!"

"That we will; the shoals are but a mile distant, where they dare not venture. Courage, my beloved."

Courage! Ah, faint the heart indeed that could not gain pluck from such an example! Matt watched the girl with eyes of adoration as she stood with her form in vigorous outline, her brown tresses sweeping about her and her eyes gleaming with vigor. There was a heavy, sullen boom, and a splash of the ocean that the storm never caused. The revenue outter was commanding more peremptorily and with power. But Mary merely smiled as she loosened the sheet a point. There was another boom, heavier, more sullen, followed by a crash. The sloop swung sharply around and wallowed in the trough of the sea. There was a shricking, exultant whirl of wind, and the shattered mast and the tangled sail, and, ah! what else was caught in that wreck and swept away. Oh, where was Mary? But a moment before a queen of the sea, peerless, unconquerable, and

now its sport and derision! The revenue cutter drew near. Out from its side there shot a boat. Stalwart arms drove it alongside the sloop and made it fast. From its bow there sprang a man intoxicated with re-"Here he is," cried Reuben "Here's Nott, the d-d smuggler," and stood face to face with his own son. Face to face for an instant only, for Matt hurled himself at his throat, Matt bound his arms and tripped his feet, and over and down they went, father and son, linked by hate and held in the calm, remoteless depths by the tenacity of despair. - Boston Budget.

-Falsehoods not only disagree with truths, but they usually quarrel among themselves. - Daniel Webster

-The capital letter "Q" will be found but twice in the Old Testament and three times in the New. -"Johnny," called a Seventh street

mother out of the window to her hopeful, "do stop playing with that Willie Brickton. It's too warm to-day to play with a red-headed boy.

A Proof of Trust.

Father-Yes" Fond Mother-He says he showed him how to lock the safe yesterday. - Puck

THE AVERAGE YOUNG MAN.

"The average young man," said a traveler, "has no great fondness for young children. I don't know how many times I have heard a mother who was carrying a little child, and who had halted in the sisle of a railroad car, say, referring to the vacant seat, and addressing the young man by the window: 'Is this seat taken?' And I don't know how many times I have seen the young man's face lengthen as he answered politely: 'No.' The mother takes the seat, and the young man begins to grow restless. He reads the paper still, but he keeps his eye on the baby; and you may be sure the baby has its eye on him-a beaming, good-natured eye it is, too-and the young man finds it not the easiest thing in the world to appear wholly unconstrained with attention thus drawn to him, but he makes a bluff at it, and does pretty well until the infant moistens one chubby fist in its mouth, and reaches out to make a print of it on the lapel of the young man's coat. The young man rises. 'Madam,' he

Must Have a Brain.

makes a bee line for the smoker.

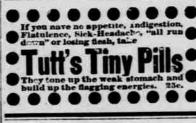
Charles-I have eaten brain-food for six months without apparent results. Edith-Yes, I am told the brain is the only organ upon which it has any effect.-Truth.

says, 'let me give you this seat,' and he

steps out into the aisle. And he doesn't

look for another seat in that car; he

-Do not drudge like a galley slave. nor do business in such a laborious manner as if you had a mind to be pitied or wondered at .- M. Aurelius.

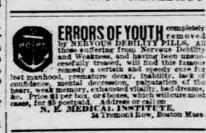






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